WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 13.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

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NEW YORK IN THE NEXT DECADE.

The humblest citizen within her boundaries has a tangible interest in the irresistible growth of the New World's greatest city, which is destined at no distant date to absorb the towns and cities that already lean on her, and a great breathing space from the con-

tiguous country. The bill introduced by Mr. CROSBY yester. day creates a commission to inquire into the expediency of taking immediate steps to help destiny in this work of municipal aggrandize-

It seems to be a good committee and may take measures for the public good. Whether it does or not, the future of New York is ared. She will be the great city of the world in the twentieth century!

STRUCK WHEN HE WAS DOWN!

Before the Coroner's jury, several members of which were liquor dealers to some extent in the power of the police, Policeman LAVIN testified yesterday that he clubbed CASPER Proer 'after he (Proer) was down."

The testimony of Prost's widow would naturally seem to have been of special interest to the jury. But she couldn't speak English, a number of them couldn't understand German and no interpreter was called.

The jury "exoperated " Policeman Par-BICK LAVIN. It should not be forgotten that Policeman Paraick Lavin testined that he elubbed Prosr after he (Prosr) was "down." It may have been one of those blows that killed Prost. Doesn't anybody want to know more about this case?

WORLDLINGS.

Gen. Lew Wallace is writing a new novel sim-flar to "Ben Hur." The scenes are laid in the Orient and the time is two hundred years ago. It will be in press within a few months.

The late Congressman Townshend was the youngest of seven brothers, three of whom joined the Confederate forces while three went into the Union ranks. Mr. Townshend himself to take care of his mother and sisters.

A feather eighteen inches in length, plucked from the wing of a large bald eagle and Tashloned into a quill pen, has been sent to the President. It is the gift of a resident of the

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is not handsome man, nor does he bear any noticeable resemblance to the typical statesman. He is manly and strong in appearance, but his features are cast in a rugged mould.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

Alderman Carlin said yesterday at a meeting of the Board that he declined to be responsible for the acts of McAllister or any other man who parts his hair in the middle. It is to be cbserved that the sentiment was tumultucheered from the back benches. Yet will the 400 tamely submit to be sat upon by Alderman Carlin ? Or will they part their hair on the side and go to raising cowlicks? We trow not !

An Old Master was bought at a ne days ago for \$2.50. Many people who attend an auction sale don't know an Old Master when they see one. Not so Citizen Robert Ful-lerton. He gobbled it up as a Dominicker rooster does a big fat worm that has, beneath a rush-pile, escaped the scrutiny of the old hens To them-that is, the other buyers at the sale-Mr. Fullerton apparently bought a dusty oiled canvas in a dingy old frame. But experts say he bought a Velasquez or a Guido-they are not certain which-and that is worth several thouad dollars. The moral of this is that "fine feathers don't make fine birds."

Coffee and doughnuts couldn't carry the day against cocktails and dollars in New Hampshire. But these trophies of sweetened dough may be preserved as perpetual reminders of the battle their bakers and eaters fought against the rum demon. Gilded and hung up over the mantel by the side of a shattered rum bottle the cookie might easily be made to convey this wormy legend to the young and thirsty soul: Dough Nut Drink!

That rosy old sea-dog, Admiral Porter, proven conclusively that we could knock the stuffing

out of Bismarck should be conclude to chastiss Uncle Sam for not knuckling down to him in nos. There was an old bard-an old, old

ard—who sang;
The Admired's mind seems to be absorted goo as a kingdom. It's a navy.

Money enough seems to have been paid out before the new market opened, even to buy food from its stalls, for an army of paupers.

Mr. Coffee, of Cork, is the latest hoaxer of the London Times. Perhaps our esteemed but slightly blasted contemporary would even be willing to publish the escape of the animals in Central Park!

Electrical executions, which a talented young Irish scholar named James O'Gordon Duffy has aptly named electrocides, have been tried on dogs and horses. But if it comes to a test of taking life, why is the animal that has the most lives neglected? What's the matter with cats?

They played before the Prince of Wales, And London swelldom all looked on, Loud cheered the beauty and the ton Whose verdict over there ne'er fails

To stamp a triumph! Who were they

Who thus before the Prince did play? Some tragic kings, the drama's pride? Some diva of a fame world-wide Whom managers large fortunes pay To cross the seas to sing and play?

No, no, my boy, they were the lads Who raked in glory, strikes and scads And everlasting fame and balls Within the Polo Ground's high walls; They were the baseball champions-The heroes of a hundred runs!

We Astonished the Public.

[From Hescard's Column in the Press.]
THE EVENING WORLD of yesterday autonishe ts multitudinosity of readers by printing, or its first page, fac similes of THE EVENING WORLD of March 12, 13, 14 and 15, the blin zard quartet of 1888. Every word was legible. and the pictures as suggestive now as then THE WORLD was enabled to do this through facilities afforded by E. M. Gill, who repronces books entire in fac simile, and engravings for all illustrative purposes, by a process known as photo-electrotyping. As an evidence of what can be dene in the hurried endeavorings of a daily newspaper, by this process, the first page of the EVENING WORLD is simply perfect.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney will not only be a guest, but is slated for an address at the complimentary dinner to be given to his successor, Secretary Tracy, at the Brook-lyn Club, Baturday night

To Fight the Conspiracy Laws. The Troy Convention Committee on the repeal of the Conspiracy laws meets to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock at 145 Eighth street. All labor or ganizations are expected to send delegates.

> A Left-Handed Compliment. [From Judge.]



ves you to smoke a quiet cigar ? Hassan-Yes; these of yours particularly.

know of only one thing that would give a more relaxing effect. Muley—What's thet? Hassan (as his wrapper comes off)—Morphine.

He Apologized.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
"Bay!" he began as they met in a saloon, " we you an apology.'

Do you? I didn't know it."

"But I do. I have wronged you."

For the last fifteen years I have supposed that your brother Tom was hung for murder, and I have told a hundred people so. I was mistaken. I wish to apologize like a man,"

"All right—your apology is accepted."

"Tom wasn't hung at all, was he ?"

"Just went to State Prison for life ?"
"That's all."
"Well, here's my hand, and I hope you won't
lay it up against me. What'll you take ?"

Either Very Dull or Very Sharp.

[From Judge.] Slippery Sam (in Philadelphia)—Say, Jerry, aint no use. I'm goin' back ter York.

Cool Jerry-What's der matter, pard ? "I worked a chump fer a thousan down on Chestnut street, au so help me! when I got back ter th' hotel I found they was Confed'rate bills. Folks here ain't heard that th' war's over.

"A Living Testimonial."
BROOKLYN, Jan. 23, 1888.

MESSES, RIKER & SON:

BROOKLYN, Jan. 23, 1888.

I am a living testimonial to the efficacy of your Com-POUND RABBAFARILLA as a Liver Medicine, Tonic and Regenerator. I have been troubled for years with Liver Complaint, but three bottles of your Hersaparilla have completely cured ine. I have never felt better in my life. Although a poor man, a MILLION DOLLARS could not give me what your medicine has—health and strength.

Respectfully yours. Ww. E. BUYE. 508 Waverly ave., Brooklyn, L. L.

ALL uneasiness and wakefulness in children relies by MONELL'S TERTHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

THOSE SNAKES WHERE LAUGHTER REIGNS. MISS HUBBELL ON THE MAKE.

Can or Cannot They Live in Ireland?

How to See Irish Snakes.

To the Snahs Editor of The Evening World: There are no snakes in Ireland. St. Patrick drove them out of Ireland and it offended the devil so much that he gathered all the banished snakes and made Irish whiskey out of them, to get even with St. Patrick.

P. S.—If any one does not believe this let him drink Irish whiskey and he may see the snakes.

Does the Shamrock Kill Them ?

To the Snake Editor of The Evening World: It is believed when St. Patrick blemsed the land of Ireland he banished every snake; that, of course, seems incredible. It is also asserted that it is the shamrock that drives the snake from Ireland. This might be posthe snake from Ireland. This might be nossible, as it was tested a few years ago in Brooklyn, but I don't know whether the test was real. This test was the result of a bet. The men obtained a glass case, put a snake in it, also a shamrock. The snake immediately stretched out its head, scented the shamrock, hastily drew back its head, colled itself, and in an hour was extinct.

Francis J. Streeg,

191 Franklin street. Greenpoint.

191 Franklin street, Greenpoint.

They Won't Crawl Over Irish Soil. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World: In answer to your snake question I must may that I don't think it's possible for a snake to live in Ireland. I lived there until I was eighteen years of age, and if such creatures had an existence there I certainly should have known something about them. While have known something about them. While in England I formed an acquaintance with a man named Marsden, from Leeds, Yorkshire, whom I heard telling to a mixed party of English, Scotch and Irish an incident of his own observation which seemed to me to be curious, as I knew the man to be thoroughly reliable. He said his father, who was a small farmer, bought a wagon-load of potatoes just brought from Ireland, and after using them he found some Irish soil on the spot where he kept them. Ireland, and after using them he found some Irish soil on the spot where he kept them. On account of hearing from some of his English neighbors that the soil of Ireland was deadly poison to snakes, he became determined to know whether such was truth or humbug. So he formed the soil into a ring in his garden and put a snake in the centre of it. He said the snake remained in the circle until it died.

E. F. Cummins, 612 Hudson street.

More Testimony in the Negative. the Snuke Editor of The Evening World

In reply to your question, " Are There Any Snakes in Ireland?" the writer will say in all earnestness and sincerity, there are

To my mind, the letter in yesterday's issue of your paper from the gentleman who signs himself "Muldoon" is credible and very probable. The case that he relates is by no means the only instance where a test has re-sulted in a similar manner. His statement can undoubtedly be borne out by the results

can undoubtedly be borne out by the results of a test at any time.

History and tradition go to show that reptiles are unknown in the Emeraid Isle since the days of St. Patrick, and it is safe to say if you were to search the whole island, from Autrim to Cork, and from Dublin to Galway, including every foot of Ireland's 32,000 square rolles, not one sincle solitary analyse servers. miles, not one single solitary snake, serpent, reptile, or anything in that line you would

find.

On one occasion I was an eye-witness to a test far more trying and demonstrative than the ordinary methods of experiment. The test was this: A circle was formed on American soil by sand imported from the banks of the River Shannon in Ireland. Then an ordinary-sized, apparently healthy snake was placed in the centre of the circle. To the surprise of most of the lockers on, the reptile remained within the circle to be slowly by burned to death sooner than trespass on the Irish sand. It preferred death by fire to touching it.

touching it,
THE EVENING WORLD is certainly an enter. prising journal, and no doubt it would find such an experiment instructive and valuable, and to those who doubt the veracity of this assertion I will say let them make the test.

MULDOON'S BROTHER DAN.

A COLLECTION OF WITTY SAYINGS FROM DR. BLISS'S ACCURE NOW WANTS \$25,000 VARIOUS SOURCES.

Not Entirely Cleaned Out. [From Judge.]



Boston Father-This can't be my son! His Son (from the Nebraska sheep ranch)-Yes t can, dad, and he's got something left, too. Most of the fellows lost everything they had.

An Advantage of Marine Burial. (From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)
First Pittsburger—I tell you there are no flies Second Pittsburger-How so?

A Peculiar Climate. [From Trans Stytings.]

Jones (to his friend just returned from Canada)-What sort of a climate is it in Canada, anyhow 7

ssw. Alderman O'Rafferty, of New York, is Charles Montgomery in Canada, It's the only climate I ever saw that could change a man's name. Singular, isn't it?

A Grave Defect in the Play. [From Texas Siftings.]
Manager—I don't like the dude in your play.

Author-What's the matter with him?
"He is not sufficiently stupid. You must throw more idiocy and imbecility into the rôle of the dude, for there will be a lot of experts from Fifth avenue in the audience.

In a Stationery Store [Prom the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
Young Lady Customer-Why, this box of writ-

ing-paper is perfumed with a violet odor, How queer. What do you do that for? Clerk—So that your correspondence can kept inviolate, miss. "How nice. I'll take four boxes."

The New York Boy.

The New York boy is not precisely a child of the devil, but for malicious mischief he is hard to beat. One of them was overheard initiating a strange boy from the iswless South into the mysteries of New York life.

Winter is the best time to throw stones at windows, "said the New York boy.

"Why is Winter the best time ?" asked the unsophisticated youth from the South.

"Because, you see, the houses have double windows, and you can break two panes with one throw, and you only get one licking, just the same as if you had only broken one pane."

A Healthy Town. [From America.] "Where have you passed your vacation?

asked one clerk of another. " At the beautiful village of Z." "Is it a healthy locality ?" "Healthy! It's so healthy that in order to start a new cometery they were obliged to as-sassinate an inhabitant."

Our Natural Resources.

First New Yorker-Did you read that silver ha een discovered in Alaska ? Second New Yorker-That's nothing. In New York City greenbacks in large quantities were discovered—just about the time the market stands were rented.

An Apology, After All. Mr. Stern-You acted very impolitely to me

ast night at the ball when you were intoxicated. I think you should apologize. Young Blowhard—I will not apologize to or for any man. ... Is that so ? Well, don't you think you your-

March April May

are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as well known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar mannew. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and there is a to derive the full medicinal value. thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly slapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

"Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headachs, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring wery much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. Parmerler.

349 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sarsaparilla

Hood's 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

FROM LAWYER LAWTON.

Says He Has Slandered Her to New York Clubmon-Col. Gobbard, Formerly of That Club, Mixed Up in the Case-Th First Skirmish in the Legal Battle Good

Miss Bessie Hubbell, wants "boodle." She is only twenty-two years of age, stately and beautiful, but evidently she is a convert to the faith of Mona Caird that marriage is

brothers in Fifty-ninth street, but in 1887 she sued Dr. Charles Bliss, of West Fifty-first street for breach of promise of marriage, and asked for \$20,000 damages, alleging that while treating her professionally the doctor had behaved to her very unprofessionally under promise of making her his wife and then had gone off and married another

The case dragged along till January last, when, on the 23d, it had reached the first place on Justice Barrett's Supreme Court calendar.

But when it was called Counsellor Charle Forster arose and said: "May it please the court, Dr. Bliss has been called before a higher tribunal."

He had fallen down his cellar stairs, striking on his head and bursting an artery in the brain. He died in two hours.

And so the lacerated heart of Miss Hubbell found no balm of Gilead, the case dying with the defendant.

But Miss Hubbell is a young woman of infinite resource, and now she comes to the front once more with another suit for dam-

ages.

Counselor J. Warren Lawton, a member of the New York Club and a relative of the widow of Dr. Bliss, is the defendant, and Miss Bessie wants \$25,000 from him for alleged defamation of character, ordinarily called slauder.

Miss Hubbell says in her complaint that just after she began her suit against Dr. Bliss.

Miss Hubbell says in her complaint that just after she began her suit against Dr. Bliss, Mr. Lawton declared, in the presence of sundry and divers persons, that "Miss Hubbell has more than once invited Col. Gebhard, of the New York Club (meaning an acquaintance), to accompany her to her house for questionable purposes."

And at another time, according to Miss Hubbell, Lawyer Lawton so far forgot her sex as to say: "She is not a respectable woman. She is a woman of loose character and promiscous in her improper intimacy with men."

And then, continues the complaint, Lawyer

with men."

And then, continues the complaint, Lawyer
Lawton tried to prejudice Miss Hubbell's
lawyer, the gallant John D. Townsend, who
backed the Princess Diss Debar, and said to
him: "Her action against Dr. Bliss was gotten up for the purpose of blackmailing the
Doctor."

Mr. Lawton has an office at 20 Nassau
street. He denies that he ever made the alleged slanderous remarks about Miss Hubbell.

She has a good at Judy Willer.

She has engaged ex-Judge Richard Busteed

as counsel in the new suit, and Judge O'Gor-man, who has granted an order against the fair plaintiff for a bill of particulars, will de-termine in Superior Court whether she has been the victim of \$25,000 worth of slander.

The Bad Spell Which Interrupted a Street Fakir's Business.

A dark-skinned man stood on the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street a few afternoons ago, and by his peculiar actions he attracted a great deal of attention. He had a basketful of small wooden instru-

ments which he called calliopes, and he was shouting out his stock in a vigorous manner. At that time in the afternoon the street was full of ladies who were out shopping, many

full of ladies who were out shopping, many of them with their children.

The fellow did a rushing business for a time, and doubtless he could have continued, but as he was wrapping up one of his "10-cent imitations of Barnum's \$100,000 steam whistles," his face began to twitch, his eyes dilated and he began to swear.

What he said was uttered in a low tone, but loud enough for everybody around to hear what he said. The man soon gathered a big crowd around him.

Many ladies stopped, but as soon as they heard what was going on they fied.

The crowd was steadily increasing, and one nervous old lady declared that the man had a

one old lady declared that the man had a fit and should be put in the hands of a police-

man. She was about to start for one when suddenly the peddler came out of his bad spell and went right on abouting his wares as though nothing unusual had happened. Then the crowd scattered and business was

The Plumber Again Poses as the Successfu

Man of Resources. A real-estate owner in Brooklyn had a very troublesome tenant in one of his flats. The people were forever finding fault with some thing, and if there wasn't any real trouble in their flat they would imagine there was, and would chase the poor landlord until in self-

defense he would have a repairer come.

One morning last week the head of the family came down and told the landlord that the kitchen sink was out of order and that the family was becoming sick from the effects of sewer reas of sewer gas.

The landlord said he would attend to the trouble immediately, and he started for his

"Now, John," said he, to the man of traps, "these people on the top floor are

Thursday's

66 THE consciousness of being well dressed affords peace of mind." Following out this assertion, we are in the position to secure to every one this enviable state of selfsatisfaction.

As the Leading American Clothiers we must perforce have our goods of the nobbiest cut and pattern, and our continuously heavy trade s flattering indorsement of the Public's appreciation. The run on our high-grade tailor-made Suits and Overcoats has caused chagrin and mortification among competitors.

Honest dealing with the trade has been rewarded. When they call to inspect the stocks that weigh down our counters they find that what has been said about us in the press is true and the goods are exactly as represented.

"No flim-flam" is a motto that we carry into all our dealings. It is customary for clothiers to have a Spring opening. We do not limit ourselves to such occasions, but strive to bring ourselves continually before the Public through our THURSDAY'S SALE.

SPECIAL.

Read how we will do so to-morrow:

1,500 Spring Overcoats at \$10.

Yesterday afternoon a large lot of Men's Spring Overcoats came in from our work shops, and to make THURSDAY'S SALE doubly attractive we will to-morrow morning dispose of them at \$10. They are elegantly silk-faced, and in three or four stylish shades, retailing elsewhere at \$20.

1,200 Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats at \$15; retailed elsewhere at \$20, \$24 and \$28. 1,000 Cheviot Suits, all colors, at \$10: retailed elsewhere at \$15.

Besides the above there will be offered as bargains:

\$18 and \$20. 1,200 Imported Worsted Suits at \$15; retailed elsewhere at \$20. \$25 and \$30.

900 All-Wool Boys' Suits, Cheviots and Cassimeres, at \$3.25; retailed elsewhere at \$6. These goods are made of "exclusive patterns" of imported material

not ordinarily found in "ready-made" clothing. Mail orders, accompanied by cash or money order, will receive prompt attention.

A. H. King & Co.,

THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS. 627 and 629 BROADWAY, near Bleecker St.

worrying me again. This time it's sewer gas. What shall I do with them?"
"I'll go around and fiddle with the sink a while and they'll be satisfied," answered the About two hours later he came around, and

About two hours later he came around, and after poking a wire down the pipes ordered the water shut off. This was done, and then he poked another wire down the sink and finished by telling the people not to throw anything in the sink for twenty-four hours. Then he left, and there has been no complaint about foul gas since. Truly the plumber is a man of great resources.

It's the Wise Uncle Who Knows His Own Carments. A pawnbroker over on Eighth avenue was recommended to a shirt manufacturer on

Broadway. He went over to the place and ordered s haif dozen of the choicest garments that the manufacturer could turn out, agreeing

to pay \$3 each for them.
One day, about a week later, a small boy entered the pawnshop and laid upon the counter a long, narrow box.
"Well, my little man," said "Uncle,"
"what have you got there?"
"Shirts," said the boy, "and I was told to get \$18."

get \$18."

The pawnbroker opened the box and examined the contents.

"Three dollars apiece!" said he, in a surprised voice. "Why, they ain't worth a half a dollar, but seeing that your'e a little fellow, l'll give you \$5 on them."

"Can't do it." answered the youth, "Was

told to get \$18, and I've got to do it."
"Why, the man who sent you down must be crazy. Three dollars or nuthin'," he said.

"Can't do that, nowhow," returned the youth, as his hand went back to his cost pocket. "The boss gimme dis bill fer yer; it's fer de six shirts what yer ordered last week. Did yer t'ink I wuz goin' to hock 'em?" he saked in disgust."

JOHANN HOFFS MALTEXTRACT TONIC AND NUTRIENT,

recommended by all prominent Physicians since 1847, for DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION NURSING MOTHERS, LUNG TROUBLES, THE WEAK AND DEBILITATED, EF Rescurs of Imitations. 23 The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eisner"

MASHINGTON Inaugural Centennial, NEW YORK CITY, April 30.

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CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE METROPO LIS DURING THE WASHINGTON INAUG-URAL ARE EXTENSED THE FACILITIES OF 'THE WORLD'S " INFORMATION BUREAU

Different Kinds of Music.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Bobby (to young Featherly)—What kind of nusic were you playing on the piano last night, Mr. Pestherly? Featherly-What kind of music, Bobby? Why. I played selections from different operas. It's culled operatic music, "Then Clara was wrong. I heard her tell ma-that you had been entertaining her with some alleged music."

Prightened at First. [From the Chicago Herald.] "Papa, you have truly forgiven us, haven"
you? Charley and I were so fond." Papa...No more of your gush. It's all right.
I'm satisfied if you are. But it gave me a dreadful turn. I thought, of course, that Charley was short in his accounts and had skipped for Canada.

A New Story of Thrilling Interest,

Full of Dramatic Situations, Startling Incidents and Surprising Developments.

A TALE OF PASSION AND BLACK MACIC.

BY STUART CUMBERLAND,

Occultist, Mystic, Physiologist, Mind-Reader and World-Renowned Necromancer.

Founded on Whitechapel's Mystery,

But Dealing with the Tragedies Artistically and with a Novelist's License.

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Author of Egyptian Hall Mysteries. BEGINS IN TO-MORROW'S

"EVENING WORLD.